

The Winslow Mail.

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PUBLISHER - AND - PROPRIETOR.

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Farm life is what you make it.

The Chicago man who fired a revolver point blank at a street car and missed it may get a job on the police force.

Chicago anarchists are said to be emigrating to the Transvaal. Is it possible that they are going to take the Krueger cure?

Three ships at San Francisco have been loaded with 15,000 tons of wheat for India. What's the Hindoos' opinion over there?

It is what you say in your ad that draws customers. Whether you hold them or not depends on what you do afterwards.

Dan Stewart has found a spot in Mexico where Corbett and Fitzsimmons can fight. Now if they could only get lockjaw until the day of the fight.

A press dispatch says that a murderer hanged in Kentucky the other day wore a sullen look on the gallows. Perhaps he was displeased about something.

The Ohio W. C. T. U. has voted to quit wearing feathers. Having moulted, we hope the good members of that excellent organization will now flock together.

Banker Rambusch, of Juneau, Wis., is another man who does not believe in trusts. In one fight he has done more to discourage trusts than many more pretentious crusaders.

In entering upon the work of a public reader, the daughter of the late Eugene Field will have the best wishes of those who appreciated the genius of her father, or enjoyed the pleasure of his friendship.

There is no law with regard to eating and drinking and manner of living which can be laid down as applicable to all individuals. Each person must find out the law which applies to himself and obey it.

A prominent Rhode Island yachtman is having a steam yacht built that is to have a guaranteed speed of thirty-eight miles an hour. That's the way to trot around the coast; but then, they say it costs money.

Faith and hope in the future, to be sound and permanent, must grow out of the knowledge of the past and respect for it; and he who gracefully acknowledges his obligations to the old is all the better fitted to espouse the cause of the new.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

England is blamed for espousing the cause of the Armenians while guilty of injustice and oppression toward her own dependencies. But the philosopher who expects and demands that a nation or individuals should act up to the same standard they demand of their neighbors, has yet to take his first lessons in the knowledge of human nature.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., resents having his English mail from Oxford addressed to him "Kingston, Ontario, U. S. A." Principal Grant should feel flattered. The Oxford dons evidently confuse him with one "Gen. Grant, U. S. A." As soon as the dons have read up on ancient history they will have time to devote to the "colonies," and then doubtless Principal Grant's letters will be properly addressed.

The one quality that is more useful than anything in the world, if one wishes to achieve anything whatever, is tact. Brute force may succeed, but then again it may fail, and in either case it leaves an unpleasant memory behind it; but, if tact fails, all is still serene, and one may try again with equanimity. The very name of tact tells its story, for, although in its first definition it simply means touch, it develops the further implication of sensitive touch, then of adroit discrimination, then of delicate discernment. Discernment of what? Of the right and fit, of that which gives the desired result in the best way.

The bitter cry of the curates of the Anglican Church is again brought to the attention of the public, this time by the London Times. Many of them, it is said, receive such miserable stipends that they are on the verge of starvation, while others are obliged to put their daughters into domestic service. Allowing for a certain amount of rhetorical exaggeration, there is no doubt that the lower clergy of the church are underpaid. Curiously enough, however, the Wesleyan Methodists of England, most of whose clergy receive adequate salaries, report a falling off in the number of ministerial candidates. It is greatly to the credit of the ill-paid clergy of the English church that they themselves utter no complaints. It is other people who give voice to their "cry."

The old, cruel check rein has stiffened up the fore legs of more lively horses than all the work they have done. So, too, of many track and driving horses in the country. The check rein injures the muscles of the neck, and the fore legs are affected. Often the shoe is blamed when it is the check rein. The humane societies have the co-operation of the city horse owners, who have taken off the cruel check rein from the carriage horses and work horses. Aside from the cruelty, this affection of the usefulness of the horse should induce the thoughtless, kind-hearted people who drive horses to forever banish the tortuous check rein as a savage relic that is painful to the horse and painful for most people to see. In behalf of the

horse, we entreat you to abolish the check rein if you still thoughtlessly torture your horse with it.—Western Agri. culturist.

They now and then do a thoroughly good thing in Colorado. The other day three men went into a bank in the town of Meeker and robbed it in the rather brusque fashion practiced by some professional gentlemen on Chicago shops not long ago. They got through with the robbing process all right, but they had to do some shooting therein, and the noise brought out the citizens of the little town, who were so urgent in protesting against the free distribution of their money in that way that they shot all three of the gentlemen who had checked out funds from the bank with revolvers, leaving all of them as proper subjects for the undertaker. Evidently the Meekerites are far from being any meeker than other folk and it will be a long day before any more gentry of that kind make a call on them. It looks like going backward in civilization for citizens to feel that they must stand ready to defend their own with the strong hand, but perhaps if it were generally understood that they are so ready most of the professors of the art of "holding up" would seek some other means of making a living.

American apples, when the crop is good and the various kinds are of perfect growth, are the finest fruit in the world. There is no fruit of the tropic or subtropic regions as good for all purposes as apples. Apples are superior to oranges, bananas, lemons, tamarinds and all other fruits in their taste for the palate and their wholesome effects as food. Their flavor is as various as human tastes. From the sweetness of honey they range to the sharpest acidity. They fill every need of the stomach for the vegetable juices which promote health. There has not been in a generation as prolific a harvest of apples as that of the present year. All the branches of all the trees in all the orchards have been overburdened with their wealth of fruit. If the product of this year could have been distributed over five years of partial production or of famine the average would have been sufficient for the entire period. In recent years the choicest varieties of apples have been scarce in quantity and of inferior quality. They have lacked form and flavor. They have been deteriorated by various causes—from attacks of insects, by droughts, late or early frosts and seasonal influences for which there was no apparent origin. This year all the soil and climatic influences have been favorable. In the fruit belts of the East and West the apple crop is prodigious. The quality is of the best. The very culls and refuse this year are superior to the choice fruit of some previous years. The shipments of American apples to Europe have begun and are likely to be enormous in extent. The great crop this year will cause the fruit to be distributed at a lower price in Europe than ever before. In the past American apples have been a rare and expensive luxury to European consumers. This year they will have an abundance at low cost of the most delicious fruit that the soil produces.

Suicide as a Rattlesnake.
The question as to whether the rattlesnake's venom is poisonous to itself has often been discussed, but if any satisfactory conclusion has ever been arrived at we are unaware of the fact. Dr. W. J. Burnett, formerly a member of the Boston Society of Natural History, says that there are good reasons for believing that the action of the rattlesnake's venom is the same upon all living things, vegetable as well as animal. Other eminent naturalists combat this theory and declare that the idea of an animal poison killing or injuring a vegetable is really preposterous. Burnett says: "It is even just as fatal to the snake itself as to other animals." Then he relates the experience of one Dr. Deering. The doctor had a specimen of the prolific rattlesnake which he kept alive in a cage. One day he irritated the reptile so as to study the effect of the anger thus provoked. The snake struck wildly about a few times and then buried its fangs in its own body. Almost instantly, the experimenter says, the reptile rolled over and died. If this story is true, and we have no reason to doubt the story, we see in it the remarkable and unique physiological fact of a liquid secreted from the blood which proves deadly when introduced into the very source from which it is derived.—St. Louis Republic.

Great but Poor.
Poverty seems to have been the lot of most of the world's great musicians. Beethoven was always poor. He was the son of a rough, drunken musician, who drove him to music with blows. He afterwards followed his profession for the love of it, but it repaid him very badly.

Handel was the son of a coachmaker, and his mother had a servant. Although he had a place in the choir of the church as a boy, he was dismissed when his voice changed, and became really destitute.

A poor woman gave him a home in the attic of her house, and in after and more prosperous years the musician was able to return the favor twice-fold, which he did heartily and cheerily.

Rossini was also poor, and while in Venice he lived in bed during the cold weather, in order that he might save the expense of a fire.

A Home-Keeping Inhabitant.
"Lived here thirty years, and yet never saw the city?"

"Never."
"Did you ever have a desire to go to town?"
"Well, yes, I reckon I has. But you see, fore the railroad come hit wuz too far to travel on foot, an' the mule wuz too busy plowin' an' arter the railroad come, they wern't chargin' people for travelin', an' so I jest thought I'd stay home an' not bother 'bout seein' the world. But what do you reckon happened ter us 'toder day?"

"Don't know."
"Well, sir, my son John ackchully bought a ticket, jumped aboard o' the railroad, went ter the city an' subscribed for a newspaper!—Atlanta Constitution.

What a blessed thing it is that even those of us who are reliable, don't have to prove all we say!

THE STEERSMAN.

The fore shrouds bar the moonlit sand,
The port rail laps the sea;
Aloft all taut, where the kind clouds skim,
Aloft the cutwater snags and trim,
And the man at the wheel sings low;
Sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

Her hull rolls high, her nose dips low,
The rollers flash alee—
Wallow and dip and the untossed screw
Sends heart throbs quivering through
and through—
And the man at the wheel sings low;
Sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

The helmsman's arms are brown and hard,
And pricked in his forearm
A ship, an anchor, a love knot true,
A heart of red and an arrow of blue,
And the man at the wheel sings low;
Sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."
—Bookman.

THE MORTAL COIL.

These two, Allan and David, were brothers; and, what is often more than brothers do, they loved one another. While they were mere boys they had been left orphans, friendless, alone with the world and with necessity. They were industrious and frugal, their purse was common, and working together they managed to keep off starvation and debt.

They were now in the period of early manhood. Allan, the elder, was 23 years of age, and David 20. They occupied two pleasant rooms in a respectable lodging-house, lived well, and had some money saved in the bank. "At first I used to be afraid that we could not make it," Allan would say to his brother, when they talked in the evening of their life and their affairs; "it was such a hard struggle. But there is no longer any doubt that we are going to succeed in the world."

To this prophecy, which Allan rejoiced to speak, David would always assent, with an enthusiasm that came not from any confidence in his own powers, but solely from his belief in his elder brother. The difference between the brothers was more than that of years, as each of them well understood. Allan was strong, keen, and determined. David was gentle and sympathetic, but a little dull. They were alike, however, in their intense devotion to one another.

It happened in the midst of this which they regarded as prosperity that Allan was suddenly beset by a grievous illness. It had been written down in the pitiless law book of nature that he should pay for the sins of some ancestor, of whose very existence he was ignorant. "The disease ran its slow course through many weeks, and there were now and again critical times when the heart of the younger brother, watching by night, stood still.

At last it came to an end. The sentence of nature was fulfilled. The life of the young man was spared, but the disease left him blind and a cripple. As Allan began to recover his strength, and the dumb consciousness of suffering gave way to active thought, he demanded to know how soon the bandages were to be taken from his eyes. To this and to other questions of a similar nature, the doctor who attended him returned evasive answers. Thereupon, Allan, half guessing the truth, became silent. In the meantime, David, also silent, clung desperately to a fragment of hope.

One morning the doctor, as he was about to leave, motioned across the sick man's bed that he wished to speak with his brother. When he came to the street door he said to himself: "I will go up quietly and surprise him."

He ascended the stairs with a quiet tread. The door to the room was open, and he saw Allan seated at the table, moving a pencil slowly over a large sheet of paper. "The poor fellow is trying to write," said David. Then he noticed that the edges of the sheet were notched at intervals, and that it had not been folded in creases. As the blind man wrote, he felt for these notches, and then ran his finger along the crease in advance of the pencil.

Full of tender sorrow and pity David crept up behind, that he might put his hand on Allan's shoulder and thus make his presence known, but happening to glance down upon the paper he saw the words, "My dear brother," and he knew that the writing was for him to read. He did not give himself time to wonder that Allan should be writing to him, but began instantly to decipher the misspelled characters on the paper. In a few moments he had overtaken the pencil.

This is what he read:
"My dear Brother—You will find this note fastened on the outside of the door. Please read it through to the end before you enter. Perhaps you will then think it best not to enter alone."

"David, my brother, these words come to you from the dead. I have destroyed the pitiful fragment of life which fate left me. You were wont to be so strong and brave—can you read on calmly now, and try to understand me when I tell you my reason? Can you love me and trust me as you always have done? I believe that you can and will, and that is why I have dared to take this step."

"Several days ago I procured some poison which I have kept concealed from you. Through it death comes swift but painless."

David watched the slow, laborious making of the last few words, and it gave him time to think. Where was the poison? He glanced across the room to a chest of drawers. There was a small drawer at the top which Allan had used exclusively, and which was now half open. With noiseless step, the younger brother crept over the floor to this chest of drawers. The guess was correct. Hidden under some handkerchiefs lay a small vial, filled with a colorless fluid.

David took it up, shook it mechanically, and then turned it over and over in his hands, while he tried to think what he had better do. At any moment

the bed and took his brother's hand. His own trembled violently, but that of the sick man was quiet.
"Poor boy," said Allan, as though not he but David were the one upon whom misfortune had fallen. He stroked his brother's arm gently for a moment, and then whispered: "You need not tell me, David. I know all. I listened when you and the doctor talked about me."

David spoke also in a whisper: "I could not bear to think of it—and so I could not speak to you."

"Poor, dear brother," said Allan, but with perfect calmness. They sat in silence for a few moments, and then Allan said: "Now, David, we have looked the worst of it in the face; let us examine some of the smaller troubles. What about money matters?"

"Oh, Allan," cried the other, "don't ask about that yet."
"Yes," said the elder brother firmly; "you must tell me all. Be frank and fair, as I would be with you."

So David told. The money in the bank was all gone, of course, and there were debts—to the doctor, the chemist, and the landlady. Having explained thus far, David hung back, and it took determined questioning on the part of Allan to bring out the rest of the story. Their friends at the club, knowing the trouble of the brothers, had raised some money—a considerable amount—for their benefit.

"It just paid the nurse," said David. The proud lines in the other's face deepened to harshness. After a momentary struggle he managed to say aloud: "It was very kind of them."

But to himself into his pillow he muttered: "My God! This is the beginning of 'I am afraid!'" said David, "that it will be some time before we can pay up these debts. Everyone seems to be good about it. The doctor says he will wait years if need be."

"Yes," replied Allan absently. "Of course, you know what my pay is," continued the younger brother, "and you also know what our expenses are. Well, they don't fit. I've been thinking about it. We must move into one room and must economize in various other ways."

"Yes," said Allan.
"The worst of it is," David went on, without looking at his brother, "that we cannot get the things you ought to have. It is so hard for you to be all alone here—"

"Never mind about that, Davy," said Allan quickly; "what we must think about is how to clear up those debts and how to live on your pay."

After this the old confidence seemed to be restored between the brothers. What small part of the day David was not at work he spent with Allan, and they talked of their affairs just as they had done before the misfortune came. Yet there was one thing David failed to understand, although he studied over it a great deal. Why was Allan so calm and undistressed? It was not like him. "Can it be that he does not really appreciate what it means to be blind and helpless?" thought the younger brother; "he was always so proud, ambitious and full of hope. And he is sensitive. I thought he would suffer."

The sick man's strength gradually returned. Presently he was able to move about the room, and then, accompanied by the landlady's little daughter, he managed to make short excursions into the street. He wore a dark shade over his eyes and walked on crutches.

The various economies which the brothers had talked over were practiced, and yet every day they ran more into debt. David's pay was very small; it was not enough to keep two people in comfort—one of them an invalid needing medicines and a physician's care. Yet Allan remained apparently unconcerned. At last David found work to do in the evening. He now earned enough to cover their necessities, but Allan was left alone most of the time.

One evening David had an unexpected vacation. An accident caused the establishment where he worked to close early, and he hurried to the room, eager for the pleasure of a few hours with his brother. When he came to the street door he said to himself: "I will go up quietly and surprise him."

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Allan might finish his writing and come in search of the poison. It would then be necessary for David to speak aloud and explain, and his brother would suffer the torture of humiliation. That would not do. Better to carry away the vial and make no explanations, unless they were demanded. He was about to steal out of the room when the thought struck him that his brother, if determined, could secure death by other means than this one bottle of poison. There was a loaded revolver in the drawer—that must be taken away. But what was to prevent Allan from obtaining more poison?

He was accustomed to buy his own medicines, and now he was strong enough to get about. Ah, there were so many ways!

The blind man seated at the table wrote on, feeling his way carefully along the folds in the paper. David crouched upon the edge of the bed, watched him and thought:

No; merely to remove the means of death would not save Allan. The only hope lay in appearing to him, in pleading with him for his own life, in conjuring him by the love which held them together, not to do this terrible wrong. What should he say? David was not easy of speech. His very thoughts were blunt, ill-assorted and confused. Deep in his soul he felt that his brother was about to make a mistake—one of the most awful of which life contained a possibility. This feeling was independent of religion or of superstition; it was a part of David's very existence. But how was he to speak of this to Allan, who seemed to understand everything so much better than he?

And now it suddenly occurred to him that he really did not know his brother. Evidently this desire of self-destruction had been in Allan's thoughts for many weeks, and yet he, nearest to him of all beings on earth, had never been allowed to suspect it. This was why Allan had been so calm and had accepted his misfortune so lightly. Torments of sorrow there must have been, unspeakable agonies of ruined hope, all endured in secrecy and silence. It seemed to David that he himself, and not Allan, must have lacked the power of sight.

But what was to be done now? The pencil was still moving slowly over the paper. David rose from the bed, and resuming his place behind the blind man read on:

"This concerns you and me and no one else; is it not so, brother? The world is far away from us; we are alone together."

"Now, what has existence for me? When first I learned I was to be always blind and a cripple there came with the knowledge an impulse for death. But I put it away and said: 'No, let me think of this more fully. The calamity seems now to sweep over all of life. Perhaps when I am more calm I shall find that much remains untouched.' So I waited and thought, and in the end I found one thing, the happiest of being with you. That is real and lasting, and for a time I asked myself if it were not enough. But I remembered that my existence, wretched and useless as it was, meant more of labor and hardship for you, and I thought, too, of what sorrow you must feel for me, and the pleasure of being with you turned to bitterness. There was nothing left."

"But you—you love me and you have a right to my life. It is for your sake that I have spent these long weeks in silent, solitary debate, after every other doubt was cleared away. At one time I had almost decided to beg my life of you, as I might any other favor, but I dared not. Yet I am begging it now—after I have taken it."

"Dear brother, I know that you are unselfish. I believe that for my sake you would give up the greatest happiness which life affords—as I would for you. Can you not, then, allow me the little that I take when I deprive myself and you of my existence? If now, the conditions were reversed—if I were the one to be strong and well, while you were crippled and blind—I try to think of it in that way, in order that I may understand it better and judge more fairly—I should, of course, feel an intense sorrow—"

What was the matter? The pencil was moving slower and slower. At last it stopped. David looked up at his brother's face and saw it working with strong emotion. Then, after a moment the pencil went on:

"—that you should suffer so, and it would be an unspeakable happiness to help, to work for you—you would be dearer to me than a thousand times, than if—"

"Oh, what am I saying!" exclaimed the blind man, aloud. The pencil dropped from his fingers and he threw himself back in his chair. "I could not let him go," he cried; "it would be cruel in him to leave me. But I—what will he—oh, David!"

He leaped upon the table with his face resting in his open hands, while David stood watching almost breathlessly in the struggle to keep silent. At last Allan caught up the sheets of paper on which he had been writing and tore them to fragments.

"It is over," said David. He restored the bottle to its place and crept past his brother out of the room. Presently Allan heard the street door noisily open and shut and David's tread sounded upon the stairs.

That night, as the brothers were about to retire, Allan said:
"David, there is something that I want to promise you. I have already promised myself, but I want to assure you of it also."

"Yes," said David; "what is it?"
"I think I had better not tell you what it is. You would be distressed, perhaps. But I promise you."

"Very well," said David; "let it remain a secret, then. But I accept the promise."—Spare Moments.

Beware of Tight Garters.

Bicyclists, male and female, should beware of tight garters and of stockings which are too tight. A garter which is wide and has little pressure is just as effective as a narrow one very tight. The result of wearing the latter is bound to be bad, it being a fertile producer of varicose veins.

Lamp Thrown In.

"I don't want the wheel. It is too heavy."

"Say, I'll throw in a lamp. That'll make it lighter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How tantalizing heaven will be to the women, to see so much gold lying around, and no chance to spend it!

THE FARM AND HOME.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

The Broom Corn Crop and How to Care for It—Suggestion for Farm Schools—How the Times Are Made Worse—Farm Notes.

Caring for Broom Corn.

The broom corn crop is of vast importance and it is quite proper to give some consideration as to how the crop may be best cared for, says a writer. Quality and condition control the value of broom corn as well as other commodities, and best condition can be especially obtained by following certain rules and methods in caring for the crop. Cutting should be done before the corn is bleached out, as color is essential, and when green the brush possesses advantages both in attractiveness and for working. When corn should be, as soon as possible, hauled under cover, and have the seeds removed by running through the scraper. This done, it should be placed on shelves so arranged as to admit of a free circulation of air. In about ten days, if the weather is dry and all conditions are favorable, the corn will be ready to bale. It should be thoroughly examined, however, to see that it is dry and cured. After the broom corn is thoroughly dry the next step is to bale and this operation should receive great care and attention. There are too many shabby and top-sided bales received annually and it bothers those who handle them to keep them from falling apart. It being of great importance to keep the ends of the bales square and smooth, the brush should be handled to the packer in small lots, the butts of each, having been evened by striking down upon a table or other smooth surface, and the one who places the brush in the box of the press should take care to keep the butts up close against the ends of the box and the brush properly lapped in the interior. Use No. 9 fence wire, five to the bale, and it is not a bad idea to have a tighter wire to tie at each corner, and press sufficiently to have a good, compact, tight bale which will endure the long journey and the handling. No matter how carefully and successfully every step in the production of the brush has been performed, the profit of the crop will depend, other things equal, upon proper baling. Great care and attention should be given to having the seeds removed, there being too much fraud practiced by baling up trash, seeds and crooked corn in the bales with straight brush. Bale the crooked by itself.—Prairie Farmer.

Setting Currant Cuttings in Fall.

The currant roots more readily from cuttings than most other fruits. Its wood is, however, very soft, and if set late in fall the cuttings will be considerably injured before spring by freezing and thawing. While the currant bush is reasonably hardy on its own root, its cuttings will not get root to hold them from being thrown out. They should be heeled in during the winter, and be planted where they are to remain in spring.

Grapes for Winter Use.

Grapes need to be ripened wholly on the vine. They will not, like pears and apples, ripen in the cellar. The really ripe grapes will endure several degrees of frost. If this occurs early, so as to warrant some warm weather after it, some grape growers leave the grapes on the vines for some time after most of the leaves have been frosted. The grapes will ripen thus, but very slowly. It is a risky business, for a heavy frost sometimes comes and spoils those grapes left to ripen late.

Odds and Ends.

When an artery is severed compress above the spurting surface. Blood from the arteries enters the extremities. If a vein is severed compress below the spurting surface. Blood in veins returns to the heart.

To freshen tan-colored shoes, dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in a little warm water and add to a pint of cold water, in which an ounce of salts of lemon has been dissolved. Wash the shoes with this, and, when thoroughly dry, polish with soft flannel or a bit of silk.

Move your pot plants, into winter quarters. Clean the pots, trim away rank growth, decayed leaves and keep everything about the plants scrupulously clean to prevent decay. See that windows near the flowers close tight, as draughts are death to flowers.

The drain pipe should be disinfected at least once a week in warm weather. Dissolve a nickel's worth of copperas in half a pailful of water, and gradually pour it down the pipe. An iron skunk may be kept from rusting by applying with a brush a quarter of a pound of asphaltum in spirits of turpentine.

If the bottom crust of fruit pies is glazed with the white of an egg it will not be so soft and soggy. The top of meat and all kinds of raised pies should be glazed. Beat the yolk of an egg for a short time and add one spoonful of milk. When the pie is two-thirds done remove from the oven, brush over with the glaze, return to the oven and finish baking.

Farm Notes.

Michigan has a new turnip disease. It dries up the leaf. It is a fungus, which accompanies wet, muggy weather. The remedy, or preventive, is to burn all the affected tops.

When salt is kept where the cows can help themselves there is no danger of their eating too much. It is only when it is kept from them for some time that there is any risk of their doing so.

Peach trees can be cut back very low, which makes them stocky, but such trees when two or three years old are not as easily cultivated as trees that are higher. The low trees stand heavy winds better, however, and shade the ground around the trunks from the sun.

Where it is desirable to keep the dirt in place on any situation where the dirt may become loosened and fall away, it has been suggested by one who has tested them to use the Japanese honeysuckle or Virginia creeper, as the vines root as they grow, forming dense thickets of growth and take the place of sodding.

Ticks not only keep sheep poor, but enfeeble them. Experience has shown that late dipping of sheep in the fall, which destroys ticks, not only improves the condition of the flock, but the gain in growth of fleece is very marked. When free of ticks sheep will not only be more contented, but also escape disease to a great extent.

The roads would be much better if wide tires were used on all wagons, as they do not cut up the roads, but rather serve to pack the gravel. The State of Pennsylvania has a law exempting from certain taxes those who use wide tires, and as metal wheels are largely coming into use it is probable that in the future nearly all wagons will have wide tires.

Prof. E. B. Voorhees, of the New Jersey experiment station, is of the opinion that the higher readers used in the country schools should contain mostly characters devoted to farm matters. The characteristics of breeds, soils, plant foods, cultivation of crops and other subjects would prove not only interesting reading to pupils, but also at the lines which will in the future be most beneficial to them.

Making Tile Porous.
In city sewers there is obvious advantage in having the outside of tile or pipe glazed, and having the pipes closely fitted, so that no water from outside can come in at the joints. But for farm drainage the more porous tile is the better. The burned clay out of reach of frost, and coming in contact only with